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No. 12.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES—NO. 12.

THE Pittsburgh Fair, of which we gave some account in our tenth number, closed on Saturday (18th June.) The proceeds amounted to the very handsome sum of three hundred thousand dollars. Every one must say that our sister city has done not only well but nobly.

Several great Fairs have been unavoidably omitted from this history of the Fair Movement. We tried to get accounts of all of them but without avail. Of the Fairs in this category we were particularly desirous to present the principal features of those held at Washington, Baltimore, Albany and St. Louis, in February, March, April and May of this year, but we could procure no satisfactory descriptions of them. We see it stated in the journals of the day that the proceeds of the St. Louis Fair amounted to the magnificent sum of \$575,000.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

ITS ORIGIN—ITS OBJECTS AND ITS WORK—NO. 3.

[BY W. V. MCKEAN.]

In this last of our series of articles on the Sanitary Commission, it is our purpose to describe in a cursory manner the organization, the means, and the work of the Commission.

At the commencement of the present year the Board was composed of twenty gentlemen, as follows:

Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., *President*.
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Hon. Mark Skinner.
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Horace Binney, Jr., Esq.,
Rev. J. N. Heywood,
J. Huntington Walcott, Esq.

Acting in conjunction with the Board were the following officers:

J. Foster Jenkins, M. D. *Secretary*.

J. S. Newberry, M. D., J. N. Douglas, M.D., and F. N. Knapp, M. D., *Associate Secretaries*.

Besides the above, there are several hundred "Associate Members" of the Commission throughout the loyal States.

For the transaction of general business the Commission meets in Washington quarterly, but the current business is disposed of by the President, the General Secretary, and a standing committee of five members, who meet daily for the purpose in New York. Of the Associate Secretaries, one is stationed at Louisville, who has charge of affairs west of the Alleghanies; and another in Washington, who is charged with the business east of the mountains. All Sanitary Inspectors and Relief Agents are required to report to the Associate Secretaries under whose direction and supervision they discharge their duties. Each of the Associate Secretaries is also in communication with the branches of the Commission, and through them with the local Aid Societies. By these means the demands from the armies and the supplies at the depots are focalized;

and a glance at the books will show at any time both the wants of the soldiers and the means wherewith to meet them.

For each great division of the army (say each army corps), there is a Chief Sanitary Inspector, and a Superintendent of Field Relief. If the corps is stationary, as at Morris Island, a permanent lodge is established near headquarters, in the nature of a hospital and depot of supplies. If the corps is in motion, the supplies are issued from wagon trains or from steamboats in the service of the Commission. In the Army of the Potomac there is a Superintendent of Field Relief with every Army Corps. All of the subordinate Agents of the Commission, who administer "Relief" (several hundred in number), act in subordination to their respective Superintendents. The Sanitary Inspectors report to the third of the Associate Secretaries, who is also Chief of Inspection.

By means of the machinery thus briefly described, the bounty of the people contributed through the local Aid Societies, and by means of Fairs and otherwise, is concentrated in great depots under the eye of the associate secretaries, by whom it is sent forward upon requisition of the Sanitary agents, to the posts where it is required, when it is by the latter dispensed to the soldiers in the field, or in the hospital, or on the way to and from the army and their homes. This is a convenient place in which to say a word of the branches of the Commission. There are establishments of this kind at Philadelphia, New York, Brook-

"Miscellaneous Department." This solved the mystery, but on our expressing wonder as to what "miscellaneous" included, our fair charmer proceeded to explain, first telling us, with an appeal to our sympathies, that the "Miscellaneous" had been called the "scavengers" of the Fair. We suggested that this Committee take for its motto this, from Scripture: "*Gather up the fragments: that nothing be lost.*"

First, we saw everything that a surgeon or physician could need in the way of apparatus—cases of instruments, artificial arms, boxes for pills and everything made, invoiced and contributed by the best makers, and for sale at regular retail prices. Here, also, are family cases of Homœopathic medicines for sale; lanterns, lamps, and shades of all kinds; crutches and canes, together with a fine contribution of playing-cards; also, a large case of Mason's best shoe blacking, surmounted by appropriate figures in bronze. We paid one dollar for a chance to win an elegant case of stuffed birds, valued at one hundred dollars. A beautiful miniature cottage, with grounds, furniture, and all the modern improvements complete, the work of a lady who is devoting herself to this department, is here for sale; it would make a beautiful parlor ornament. Two other ornaments of the same kind are here for sale—a beautiful church, with pulpit, pews, stained-glass windows, and so arranged that it can be lighted up at night. A full-rigged miniature vessel is also exhibited.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD.

[Letter from Dr. Steiner.]

SANITARY COMMISSION,
HEADQUARTERS FIELD RELIEF CORPS,
Army of Potomac, 12 miles from Richmond,
June 6, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. STILLÉ:—Our friend JOHN-SON suggested that a line from here to you for the Sanitary paper would be acceptable; accordingly, I take the pen and shall try to comply with his suggestion. Separated as we are from the comforts of home and home-life, writing is by no means an easy task, still, what we can do, to show the liberal public who bestow their wealth lavishly on the army, is always freely done.

You all know, more or less, what this heroic army has done since the morning of the 5th ultimo; how it braved the deadly fire of the Wilderness, underwent the bloody battles of Spottsylvania, fought at Jericho Crossing, on the North Anna, and, having crossed the Pamunkey, has fought day and night for the reconstruction of our glorious Union and the re-establishment of the reign of law and order. In this long series of battles many a gallant soldier has freely offered up his life for his country, and many more have received those honorable

wounds which will forever endear them to those who know how to appreciate a patriot's offering. The line of march of this army has been consecrated forever by a baptism of blood, which must make it a prominent feature in the geography of the country. And the work still goes on. As I write, the continuous sound of musketry from sharpshooters and skirmishers salutes my ear, and prevents me, even if I could attempt to think of other things, from forgetting where I am, and what is the cause that has brought us all from our homes. A General of indomitable firmness of purpose and determination, aided by the prudence and wonderful command of the minutiae of military science possessed by another, is in command, and an army, possessed of full confidence in him, sturdily stands by him ready to execute all his commands.

This protracted series of battles has resulted in an unprecedented number of wounded; in an unprecedented demand for assistance. The Government had provided for the emergency most liberally, and still the demand was for more. Starving, suffering men—heroes all bloody with their wounds—were to be aided and succored. The Sanitary Commission had looked forward toward this emergency with a full knowledge of what was expected from it. A full account of its stewardship cannot be rendered until the great campaign shall be won. Its first preparation consisted in securing eighty thousand dollars' worth of supplies, in loading a boat and barge to reach the first water-base that should be opened, and in having a trained band of nurses, under the veteran army nurse, FRANK B. FAY, ready for work. As soon as permission was given it, the Commission started for Belle Plain. The flag of the Commission streamed gaily from the flag-staff of the Mary F. Rapley, as she entered the harbor and made fast to the dock. I can never be too thankful that the great privilege of opening up and conducting this grand scheme of relief for the army was mine.

It is now a matter of history that thousands (twenty thousand and over) of the wounded were fed by our agents at Belle Plain—that at Fredericksburg every hospital daily drew from our stores sent thither in our own wagons—that even organizations, whose pride tempts them to ignore us in their speeches and pamphlets, drew from our stores, (the receipts for such issues are on file,) and employed these in their own ministrations, though no reference is made to the same in their speeches made at public meetings since—that all the wounded at Port Royal received the kindest treatment in the same way at our hands—that at White House the work is continued under charge of that "big-souled man," the Rev. JOHN A. ANDERSON—that ministers of the gospel of every faith, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and others, have recognized the catholicity of our organization, and have worked in con-

junction with us. It is not for me to laud this work. The work that is done will speak for itself; that which is to be done we may hope shall equal it. Let us thank God that He has enabled us to minister, in the name of Christian philanthropy, to our fellow-men; it is not ours to mar the ministrations by Pharisaic declarations of our superiority to other workers. Such is *not* the spirit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

The Field Relief Corps is working steadily in this army. Wagons under competent agents are now dispensing clothing, and such other articles as may be needed to supplement the Government supplies in the division hospitals. As the wounded are only kept here for a few hours, the wants in the field are not as great as at the Water Base, and hence but few laborers comparatively are needed in this place. Our supplies will, however, be kept up, and will be offered freely to the chief medical officers of the corps. In this great contest it is our pleasure to aid in upholding the authority of the officers by dispensing mostly through their aid. The amount of mis-appropriation charged against medical officers is certainly very small, notwithstanding the popular idea on the subject. Medical officers prize their characters and their subsequent reputations at home too highly to be chargeable with such offences.

Army life during a campaign like the present is by no means a luxury. Crackers, coffee and beef may be considered good food for one day, but when the same bill of fare continues for five weeks, it becomes intensely distasteful. Disease will visit the campaigner. Already one of our relief corps has been sent from this army with typhoid fever, brought on by his labors here. Still, all feel that the position is a glorious one, and are ready to brave the common lot of the army.

Would that some of your glorious women could be here to see the comforts that their gifts produce—that your wealthy men could see what an investment they made when they contributed to the soldiers' fund! One hour would repay them for all their labor, for all their contributions. Just as the sweet sounds of the birds singing on the boughs of a tree near me, bring quiet home-feelings and thoughts to one's heart, even while the rude sound of musketry greets one's ear—so the gifts of liberal hearts and gentle hands make the soldier feel, amid blood and carnage, that there are those at home whose best wishes and most fervent prayers are always with him. God bless the women of this land! May their hands never tire nor their hearts faint in well-doing, until the blessings of peace shall once more visit our country.

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ing train, wrote it out for *The Daily Chronicle*, in which it was published next morning, without the slightest revision by the reverend author. And I assert that never has any production been more logically and rhetorically exact. The voice of Dr. Breckinridge is weak, although he is not yet sixty-five; but his manner could not be more graceful. Every word dropped from his lips like a coin of gold, clear-cut, bright, and beautiful; and all his sentences were begun and closed with a higher than artistic skill. A few instances will suffice to prove this last assertion. Here is one:

You have to organize this party thoroughly throughout the United States. You have to put it into form, in whatever form your judgment may suggest, that will contribute all that wisdom, backed by energy and the most determined effort, can produce, to gain the victory which I have already said was in our power. More than that, you have to lay down with clearness and precision the principles upon which you will carry on this great political contest, and prosecute the war which is underneath them, and the glory of the country which lies before us, if we succeed. Plainly, not in a double sense, but briefly, and with the dignity and precision of a great people uttering by its representatives the political principles by which they intend to live, and for the sake of which they intend to die, so that all men everywhere may understand precisely what we need; to run your furrow so deeply and so clearly that, while every man who is worthy to associate with freemen may see it, and pass over it to us, every man who is unworthy may be either unable to pass or may be driven from us. We want none but those who are like us to be with us.

The way in which these sentences were enunciated showed the practical as well as the natural orator, and the master of his subject. But it was when he addressed himself to the moral issue at stake, that he rose to the dignity of his theme, and thrilled the vast audience, that almost hung upon his lips. Observe, after laying down the primary duty of serving the nation, how clearly and yet how originally, he discusses his idea of our relations to the Federal Constitution, and the relations to that charter of those who formed it. There is a rare philosophy in the following extract:

From among those principles—if you will allow me, for a moment, to say so—the first and most distinct is that we do not intend to permit this nation to be destroyed. [Great applause.] We are a nation—no doubt a peculiar one—a nation formed of States, and no nation, except as the States form it; and they are States, but they are no States except as they are States in that nation. [Applause.] Historically they never were, and they have no more right to repudiate the nation than the nation has a right to repudiate them; and neither of them have any shadow of such right, and we intend, God helping us, so to vindicate that truth that it shall never be disputed any more in the world. [Great applause.] It is a fearful alternative that is set before us, and yet there are great compensations for it. Those of you who have attended to this subject know, or ought to know, that from the foundation of the present Government—using that word in its

proper sense, this present Constitution—there have always, in every generation, been parties that had no faith in it. *The men who formed it were doubtful of its success.* The men who opposed its formation did not desire its success, and I am bold to say, without detaining you upon this point, that after all the outcry about our violation of the Constitution, *this present living generation and this present Union party are more thoroughly devoted to that Constitution than any generation that has ever lived under it.* [Loud applause.]

While I say that, and while I solemnly believe it—while I believe it is capable of the clearest historical proof—I will also add that it is a great error, which is being propagated in our land, to say that our Federal life—our national life—depends merely upon the existence of that Constitution. Our fathers made it, we love it, and we intend to maintain it. [Applause.] *But if it suited us to change it, we would change it* [applause], *and when it suits us to change it we will change it.* [Applause.] *If it were to be torn into a thousand pieces—broken all over—the nation would be as much a nation as it is to-day—as much a nation as it was before this particular Constitution was made;—a nation which always declared its independence as a people, and who have lived, united until now, a nation independent of the particular institutions under which they lived, and capable of modelling them precisely as the institutions of successive generations may require.* [Applause.] We ought to have it distinctly understood, both by friends and enemies, that while we love that instrument, and are in most respects satisfied with it, and will maintain it—and that we will, with undoubted certainty, put to death the friend or foe who undertakes to trample it under foot, *if we can get rid of them in no other way—yet, beyond a doubt, we will alter it to suit ourselves from generation to generation.* [Cries of “good, good,” and applause.]

I do not quote these passages to give a political aspect to this sketch, but to show the peculiar qualities of mind and conscience of a remarkable public character. While he was speaking he reminded me forcibly of his nephew, John C. Breckinridge. The tones of the two voices are wonderfully similar, and if it be, as it is to my mind invariably true, that the voice, like the features, may be traced through generations, the theory was strangely verified on this occasion. When the Doctor was told of this resemblance he replied that he had a son in the hall “who was the very spit of John.” An extraordinary family is this of the Breckinridges. They have all been leaders, either in politics or in the Presbyterian Church.

Fair and honest in their dealings, chivalric and courteous in their intercourse with others, it was reserved for the Rebellion to witness the first real difference on public questions between themselves. The eldest survivor of the name, the Chairman of the National Union Convention, just noticed, preserves the honor of its progenitors, while that young man, upon whom so many hopes were built when he entered Congress in 1851, and was chosen Vice President in 1856, driven, let us believe, more by association than by principle, forgets all the examples and teachings of his great

uncle, and sword in hand leads the embattled hosts of slavery. It is not difficult to suppose that the heroic clergyman feels the defection of his nephew most keenly. For, in truth let it be spoken, there was much to love in John Cabell Breckinridge. Never have I met a man more adapted by nature, by education and by rearing, to be a favorite among men and women. He was the type of manly beauty when I made his acquaintance fourteen years ago. At that time, if he had a conscientious feeling, it was hatred of slavery, and both of us, “Democrats” as we were, frequently confessed that it was a sinful and an anti-Democratic institution, and that the day would come when it must be peaceably or forcibly removed. How could it be otherwise with him, with such a parentage and such a schoolmaster as his uncle Robert? But the fascinating society of the Southern magnates were too much for young John. They saw that he had a bright future. And having taken the one wrong step, he was too proud to retract.

I shall never forget my last interview with John C. Breckinridge. It was on the evening of the 6th of August, 1861, being the last day of the memorable called session which was assembled on the 4th day of July of that year by Presidential proclamation. Widely as we had differed, our personal relations were unchanged. He knew how sincerely grieved I was when, as early as 1858, he allowed Mr. Buchanan and the extreme South to force him into the support of Lecompton, and how reluctantly, in the black and bitter years that succeeded, I felt constrained to denounce him. In the called session he had led the opposition to Mr. Lincoln with vehement, unjust, and unsparing ability. And now he was going to Kentucky. “Good bye,” he said; “Good bye.” “No,” I said, “not ‘Good bye,’ Breckinridge, but farewell. You will never again take your seat in the United States Senate.” He seemed to be surprised, as he said: “What do you mean? I will undoubtedly return to my post in December.” “No, my dear sir, you will follow your doctrine into the Confederate army; you will go there to show that you are with the enemies of your country.” To which he answered, and when he spoke the words I think he was honest: “If I go over the lines it will be to bring back with me my runaway son, Cabell, who has gone into the other army wholly against my will; but we shall meet, if we live, in the winter.” “I wish it could be so, my friend,” was my reply; “but still I feel that your good-bye will be a long farewell.” And this was the last of John C. Breckinridge. His oath to support the Constitution of the United States, like Hester Prynne’s scarlet letter, burns an eternal reproach on the record of the Senator. His sword is with Slavery and Rebellion.

lyn, Boston, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and elsewhere. To their powerful assistance the Commission is indebted for the greater part of its success; indeed the Commission is but the means by which the Branches which furnish the great bulk of the supplies are enabled to act with economy, system and efficiency. Nor would the Branches in the great cities have been able to furnish supplies in such abundance, but for the hundreds and thousands of "sewing circles," and "Aid Societies" contributing to their stores from all parts of the interior of the country. Hence, in speaking of the success of the Commission, and of the great and valuable work it has done for our soldiers and our country, we desire to be understood as including all the Branches, sewing circles and Aid Societies.

How to condense into brief space any adequate description of the inestimable services rendered by the Army Relief Department of the Commission baffles our ingenuity. A full statement would require the space of an ordinary volume.

Steamboats chartered by the Cincinnati Branch reached Fort Donelson laden with medicines and supplies of every kind in time to supplement the deficient stores of the Medical Staff, and save hundreds of men. At Antietam there were literally no Government medical stores. The surgeons had used up their stock during General Pope's campaign in Virginia. Supplies sent them from Washington had been captured at Manassas. The Quartermaster's Department, taxed to its utmost to forward ordnance and Commissary stores, ammunition and food, had been obliged to leave all medical supplies behind, miles away from the field.

But the officers of the Commission at Washington, advised by authority of this unfortunate deficiency, and of the impending battle, sent off by independent routes, and in good season, wagon trains laden with medical and surgical appliances, which reached the field before the battle was over, and for forty-eight hours after that hardly-won victory, thousands of wounded men got all their opiates, stimulants, chloroform, medicines, appropriate diet, and hospital clothing and bedding, mainly from agents of the Sanitary Commission. So at Gettysburg, the headquarters and supply depots of the Commission were established and at work while the battle was hottest. At Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Chancellorsville, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Fredericksburg, its relief agents dispensed many thousand dollars' worth of life-saving supplies. During the Peninsular campaign it did the army most signal service. Its Relief depots and Hospital transport service did more to relieve misery and save life than any other voluntary organization has ever done within the same period.

After the second battle of Bull Run, the

wagon trains of the Commission, moving from Washington, met our retreating forces at Centreville, exhausted by hard fighting, and wholly without restoratives or medicines. Their medical supplies had fallen into rebel hands. At this point, as at many others, the Commission's proper work of supplementing accidental deficiencies in the Army system, saved hundreds from perishing from prostration, and enabled them to return to their ranks and their duty. We have elsewhere set forth (in our army letters) what was lately done by the Commission at White House. That need not be repeated. At Belle Plain, before Grant changed his base to White House, the agents of the Commission fed and cared for more than 22,000 wounded men. The pangs of consuming thirst and of raging fever there alleviated—the agonizing pains relieved—the tender and home-like nursing extended to that city of suffering soldiers set down in the fields—what pen can do justice to them? Who can estimate the priceless relief that was there administered?

Before the first train of ambulances of wounded from the Wilderness reached Port Royal, two steamers, two barges, a steamer, and a tug-boat had arrived with the stores of the Sanitary Commission, and more than a hundred active and experienced men and women were instantly at work and in readiness for the coming sufferers. What fabulous sum in dollars and cents can express the value, or what words can do justice to the beneficent nature of this *prompt* relief? Who will set a price on the hundreds of lives saved on those blood-stained fields?

But we can follow this branch of the subject no further. It is the *promptness* of the action of the Sanitary Agents at Port Royal, as just mentioned, that is its great characteristic. *It is always on the spot* with its abundance of stores, and its hundreds of willing hands and cheerful hearts, just at the very point of time when their service is most needed. Help and supplies then are worth infinitely more than when they have to be sent for after the battle—and when precious days are consumed in getting them to the field.

Nothing that is here said is intended to express or imply any want of efficiency in the Medical Staff of the army. They do all that it is in the power of medical officers to do; and the Agents of the Commission, who act in entire subordination to them, bear cheerful and cordial testimony to their devotion to the duties of their noble profession. But they are limited in number, and are obliged to act within the means furnished to them, and according to their instructions. They have no power to act according to discretion. The Agents of the Commission have discretionary powers, and also have abundance of supplies of a kind which the Government never undertakes to furnish. Here we perceive another of the

great advantages of the Commission, as an auxiliary to the medical staff of the army. The Commission does what the Government cannot undertake to do, but what the people would not willingly leave undone for their soldiers.

The devotion of the Sanitary Agents to their duties has become a matter of honorable record. Many noble instances of the sublime courage with which they have gone into the fire of the enemy to bring in the wounded are mentioned in letters and reports from the army. There was a conspicuous instance of this at the storming of Fort Wagner. Under the very guns of the fort, the trained Agents of the Commission picked up the wounded men as they fell and bore them to the hospital.

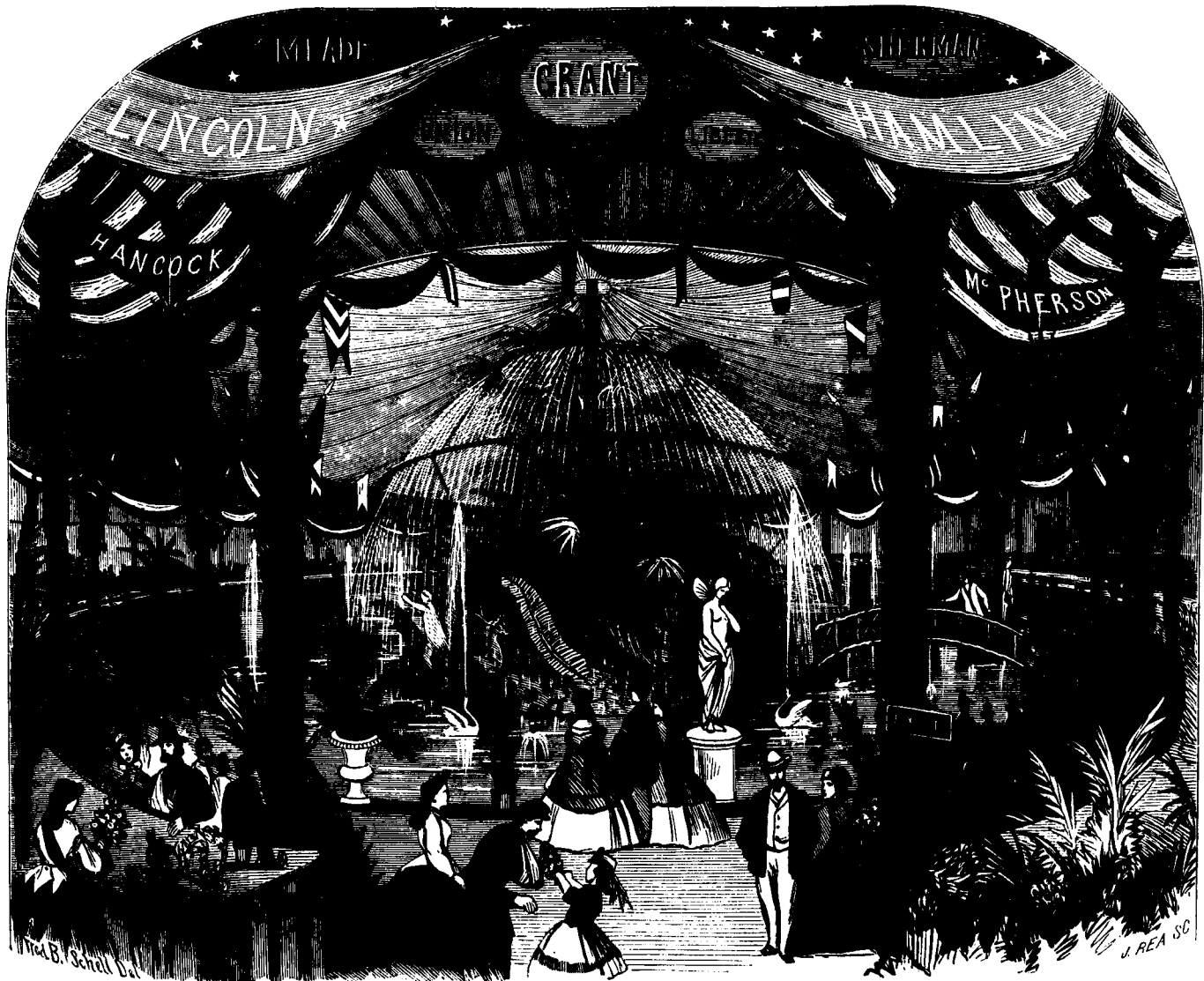
Some of the wounded were struck while climbing the parapet, and then rolled into the deep ditch round the fort, where they would have been drowned had they been left without other help than their own. But the Sanitary agents, acting under the direction of Dr. Marsh, rescued them under the hottest fire. The devotion of these men in other places has resulted not only in ruined health, but loss of life. One of the martyrs to the service of the Commission was the Rev. James Richardson, a gentleman of education and high social influence, who died November 10th, 1863, from disease contracted in the field.

We have now closed our sketches of the Sanitary. They might have been swelled to volumes, but we are compelled to be brief; yet, imperfect as they are, they will serve to illustrate, to some extent, the origin, the nature, the organization and the inestimable benefits extended to our soldiers by the noble organization for which we are now holding our Great Fair.

THE TWO BRECKINRIDGES.

BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

The appearance of the Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge, as he advanced to take his post as temporary chairman of the Union National Convention at Baltimore, on the 7th of June, (inst.,) was most impressive. There stood one of the historical characters of the age—a spotless divine, a self-sacrificing idealist, an unselfish patriot—one, across whose eventful path not a single doubt as to his sincerity had ever thrown a shadow, and whose lofty moral integrity had never been questioned either by the enemies of his church or the advocates of slavery. What he said before the Convention has been widely and profitably read. But how he said it could not be painted or printed. First of all, was the evidence, not necessary to be made clear to those who sat in rapt attention under his utterances, of the *perfect unpreparedness* of his speech. The short-hand reporters took it down as it fell from his lips, and then carried it to Washington by the even-



THE FLORAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

[Written for Our Daily Fare.]

BY HORACE GREELLY.

I.

O God! our way through darkness leads,
But Thine is living light:
Teach us to feel that Day succeeds
To each slow-wearing Night:
Make us to know, though Pain and Woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That Ill at last in death lies low,
And only Good survives.

II.

Too long th' oppressor's iron heel
The saintly brow has pressed;
Too oft the tyrant's murd'rous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast:
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie,
Till Thou shalt bid it thrive,
Of steadfast faith that Wrong shall die,
And only Right survive.

III.

We walk in shadow; thickest walls
Do man from man divide;
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims deride:

Yet though fell Craft, with fiendish thought
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Falsehood's textures shrink to naught,
And only Truth survives.

IV.

Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain:
Each monstrous birth o'erspreads the earth
In Battle's gory train:
Yet still we trust in God the Just,
Still keep our faith alive,
That, 'neath Thine eye, all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

New York, May 1st, 1864.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

It has been determined to continue the Fair open at the old rates during the present week. On Saturday night the season will close, and with it the obligations of the Managers towards holders of season tickets. Monday and Tuesday of next week will be "cheap days," and these will close the GREAT CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR. Yesterday the attendance was full, as

usual, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

We continue our notices of the various departments, &c., of the Fair.

THE DEPARTMENT OF RELICS AND CURIOSITIES.

In the northwest corner of the enclosure, the Department of Curiosities and Relics is located. It is under the special charge of a committee of ladies and gentlemen composed of lovers and collectors of whatever is rare and curious, and of historical value and interest. Mr. Franklin Peale is Chairman, and Mr. Robert C. Davis is the industrious Secretary of the Gentlemen's Committee. They are ably seconded by such active and intelligent antiquarians as Mr. F. J. Dreer, Dr. J. M. Summerville, and other gentlemen who enjoy the same pursuits. Mrs. Thomas P. James is the indefatigable chairman of the ladies' committee in this department.

On entering the "Old Curiosity Shop" the stand where subscriptions are received for the Washington Album first strikes the eye of the

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1864.

GOOD BYE.

IN the beautiful fairy tale of "Cinderella" the heroine agrees to disappear when the hand of the clock points to the magical number of twelve, and no matter what her occupation or where she may be at that hour, she returns to the humble position she had formerly occupied. As we all know, the hour arrives when the ball is at its height, when the music and the dance have not begun to flag, and all is "merry as a marriage bell." Her fate, however, is inexorable. Our own case is very like that of Cinderella. We contracted with our subscribers for twelve papers, and all the machinery which it has been found necessary to set in operation to perform our contract has been wound up to run twelve days and no longer. Our allotted time has expired, and though the Fair goes on, and the fun and frolic is continued, we must leave our exalted position and return to those from which our good godmother, the Executive Committee, first took us. Hereafter, then, gentle reader, be your wares ever so attractive, be your jokes ever so good, we will not be present to chronicle them. As, however, after the disappearance of Cinderella a certain glass slipper gave evidence of her former state, so our subscribers will some day receive a supplemental number, which will serve to recall our existence. In this will be found, among other things, the names of those active in securing us subscribers, who shall receive that full meed of credit to which their valuable assistance entitles them. They were our best friends. During our short career we have met with a success hitherto unprecedented in Fair newspapers. Our subscription list was originally very large, and has increased daily; so much, in fact, as to require several of our earlier numbers to be reprinted. We have spoken upon former occasions of the embarrassments brought upon us by our large circulation; we shall not reiterate them; we will only say that every one who has subscribed to the paper is, of course, entitled to have all the numbers, and we are determined that they shall have them, if, to use the phrase of General GRANT, it takes us all summer to effect it.

We have endeavored to make the paper a chronicle of the Fair; a history of other Fairs, and concisely to give some idea of the workings of the Commission itself. At the present moment, when we hear of nothing but Fairs, this is neither a new nor a lively topic, and may have appeared to some rather dull, but in a few days every vestige of our Fair will disappear, the Fair movement will go in

some other direction, and the Sanitary quietly resume its functions. We think then that the interest of our paper will increase, and the serious parts of it attract the attention which we suppose they deserve. Be it good or bad, however, it is now past remedy. Its short life has closed, and if we have no cause of pride, we, at least, have great reason for gratitude for the very liberal support we have received, and which has already added over five thousand dollars to the Treasury of the Sanitary Commission, and also for the forbearance and patience exercised by those who have not received their paper as promptly as was their due. With kind feelings to each and all, we once more say "Good bye!"

THE INDIAN EXHIBITIONS.

Almost the only romantic incident of American history, certainly the most interesting, is the rescue of Captain JOHN SMITH by the Indian princess POCAHONTAS. At the request of several of our citizens, the indefatigable gentleman having charge of the Indian Exhibition has succeeded in producing this beautiful incident of savage life in all its details. The council-fire of the braves, the spirited harangue, delivered with all the characteristic energy of the Indian nature, the fatal decision, the victim dragged to execution, the whole band dancing and screaming in anticipation of his fate, are all most accurately presented. As the weapon is raised to destroy Captain SMITH, the beautiful POCAHONTAS rushes in, and by her influence, saves his life.

The exhibition of course includes other novel and interesting peculiarities of savage life, and is one of the most agreeable features of the Fair. It will be long before the public will again have an opportunity of seeing so fine a body of savages, and so well conducted an entertainment. It is open twice during the day, and twice during the evening.

THANKS.

In closing up accounts in the terminal number of *Our Daily Fare* we feel it to be due to the printers, Messrs. RINGWALT & BROWN, No. 111 & 113 South Fourth street, their foremen, compositors and pressmen, for the beautiful style in which the paper has been delivered from the press. We venture to say that no journal with a daily issue of over ten thousand copies, ever published in this country, equals it in typographical appearance.

The paper upon which it is printed, purchased of JESSUP & MOORE, is deserving of equal praise. The best skill of the printer is lost when the paper falls below the standard necessary for a clear and beautiful impression.

ACCORDING TO DR. ABERNETHY, all human maladies arise from two causes—stuffing and fretting.

THE GARIBALDI DAGGER.

The Garibaldi dagger, which is sent by the Metropolitan Fair to the Great Central Fair—as in olden times they passed the sword from hand to hand that each loyal Knight might swear anew his allegiance to the Holy Cause—was given by the great Garibaldi to Mr. Joseph Antoni of Turin. That gentleman, wishing to send what he valued most to the cause of American Unity, asked permission of Garibaldi to send this dagger, engraved with his own hand, and marked in ink by himself—this dagger, worn by Garibaldi in most of his famous battles—this dagger, which formed part of the humble red-shirt and round-cap uniform (probably the most famous dress of modern times)—this dagger now remains to be seen and "allotted" by our loyal citizens. Would it be improper to suggest that as so few names have been subscribed thus far it should be bought by subscription to be given to Gen. Grant. It is already marked "G. G.," and it would thus pass from the hand of one noble soldier to that of another.

Could we not add a verse to the beautiful poem in "Punch," which describes the three queens—Rome, Naples and London—laying their crowns at the feet of Garibaldi? Could we not add that the Queen of the Starry Crown—she of the West—now looking down mournfully on her struggling sons—that she is proud to claim Garibaldi as one of her adopted children, as he proudly calls her "his adopted country."

Does he not rank next her own immortal son? And is the name of Washington not followed closely by that of Garibaldi?

TO OUR PATRONS.

The generous patrons in this city and in the country who were active in getting subscribers for *Our Daily Fare*, will confer an additional favor by sending to GEORGE W. CHILDS, 628 and 630 Chestnut street, their names and the number of subscribers furnished by each, for publication in our Supplemental number. We desire to award them, each and all, the credit for our success to which they are eminently entitled.

TO COMMITTEES.

The different Committees and their aids will confer a favor by sending to the table of *Our Daily Fare* any badges they may have which are not needed. It is desired to collect a sample of all the badges used in the Fair.

THE LITHOGRAPH OF THE FAIR BUILDINGS.

This beautiful work of art, and permanent memorial of the Fair,—printed in eight colors,—will be forwarded to any address, free of postage, on the receipt of two dollars.

only say that it abounds in curious things of great value, got together for the good cause by the liberality and exertions of the proper committee, and that no better opportunity was offered collectors to secure choice and rare autographs at low rates. Mr. F. J. Dreer has added to this collection an album containing a full autograph letter, and a portrait of every President of the United States, from Washington to Lincoln.

Rev. Dr. Dorr has presented to this department a curious and valuable volume. It is the New Testament, small 4to. in size, literally printed in letters of gold by De la Rue, Cornish & Rock, a well-known London house. It is printed on enamelled paper, and very heavy. Only one hundred and fifty copies were produced, and scarcely any for sale. It is presented to the Fair by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Dorr, Rector of Christ Church, (Second, above Market street,) to whom it was given by an esteemed friend, thirty years ago. He now parts with it to help the Sanitary Commission, and as a tribute to his son, Captain William White Dorr, and his fellow-soldiers, who fell in the present war. Mrs. E. H. Powers, who is now in charge of this volume, (which is in Mrs. James' department,) receives subscriptions for its purchase, with the view of its being presented to Bishop Potter.

THE ARCTIC GALLERY.

The different Arctic expeditions are well represented in the Relics and Curiosities. There are several mementoes of the lamented Kane, whose early death deprived progressive science of one of her most devoted adherents. The trophies of the Kane Arctic Expedition have a mournful interest to all those who love the brave and generous. The sledge, the boat, the guns and the dogs that survived the expedition are grouped together in the department. One of the most interesting of all this collection is the American flag which did duty as the boat ensign of the "Peacock," with Captain Wilkes' expedition. It afterwards performed the same service for Captain DeHaven, and subsequently it floated over the ships of the two Grinnell expeditions, under Dr. Kane and Dr. Hays. This flag deserves to be remembered with love and veneration by every admirer of the glorious stars and stripes. It was covered 160 degrees of latitude, and has gone once around the world, and has had the honor of being planted nearer the North and South Poles than the flag of any other nation on the globe!

In addition these mementoes of the Kane and Hays expeditions, there are several interesting articles connected with Esquimaux life. A water-proof coat, made of entrails, attests the skill of the natives, and an Esquimaux "kayak," or long-boat, illustrates the mode adopted to retain the heat and exclude the water. The covering of the boat is of seal-skin, thoroughly tanned, and it looks as though

it could resist a deluge. Boots, coats, pants, caps, etc., worn by the navigators of the Arctic region are exhibited, and the whole forms one of the most interesting and instructive features of this most interesting department.

THE RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT.

We have already spoken in the columns of *Our Daily Fare* of the Restaurant Department of the Great Central Fair. We told of the magnificent circular dining-hall, with some hints as to its wealth of elegance of flags and drapery, its tasteful arm-trophies, its statuary, and its ample accommodations for guests. But at that time neither Mr. Lewis nor Miss McHenry had vouchsafed us a peep into the inner mysteries of the place—into the—not to put too fine a point on it—the kitchen. We recognize the truthfulness of the ancient cook-poet, or poet-cook, when he said:

"The art of cookery drew us gently forth
From that ferocious light, when void of faith
The Anthropophaginian ate his brother!
To cookery we owe well ordered States,
Assembling men in dear society."

Our recent visit to the Great Kitchen, larders, &c., of the Central Fair Restaurant, convinced us that the feeding of the multitude was a work which required comprehensive genius, enlarged views, boundless resources, and untiring energy. These are possessed, in an eminent degree, by Mr. Lewis and Miss McHenry, and behold the result. A very few weeks before the Fair opened, the spot where the restaurant kitchen is now in full blast, was a grassy and gravelly plain over which children trumbled their hoops or jumped their ropes; where lovers sighed to the moon by gas-light, and where squirrels and deer capered about when in a frolicsome mood. Now there are huge ranges and furnaces employed in cooking supplies for eight or ten full regiments of men, women and children daily. There is a well drilled company of competent cooks, three or four platoons of pea-shellers, fifty strawberry pickers, half as many dish-washers and waiters, etc., sufficient to fill the war quota of the good sized Ward in a call for half a million more men.

No less than three hundred and thirty persons are on the pay-roll in this department; while as many more probably (and principally in the Restaurant proper) are giving their services gratuitously in the good cause of patriotism, humanity, and feeding the hungry. The quantity of fish, flesh and fowl, required to do all this, "foots up" to something formidable. Here are some of the figures for an average day's consumption:

900 pounds of fresh beef, 6 lambs, 150 pairs of spring chickens, 600 pounds of fowls, 400 pounds of lobster, 600 quarts of strawberries, 2000 quarts of ice cream, 300 quarts of milk, 45,000 oysters, 1400 loaves of bread, 800 pounds of butter.

These are the principal articles of consumption; but there are other items which come

under the head of sundries which swell the grand aggregate very materially.

Mr. George T. Lewis and Miss McHenry are the chairmen of their respective committees in the Restaurant Department, and how diligently and efficiently they have labored to secure its success is shown by the result. The receipts have averaged \$5,250 daily, and the organization is such that it works like a piece of well-oiled machinery. Other ladies and gentlemen have also been active in the same department, and among them are Mrs. George T. Lewis, Mrs. Justice Strong, Mrs. E. W. Turley, Mrs. H. P. Taylor, Mrs. Alexander Brown, Mrs. G. W. Norris, Mr. Edward H. Rowley, Mr. F. Wharton Fisher, Mr. T. B. Steele, Mr. J. J. Hoopes, and Mr. James A. Wood, the Steward.

OUR LAST GOSSIP.

We are making up our twelfth number, and the time has come to say good-bye! Little knowest thou, O, reader, of the long nights when we kept it up till broad day-light—of the wearisome labors performed around our altar the imposing stone, which we now regard as our real *Ehrenbreitstein*, or Broad Stone of Honor. But let most of that honor be given where it is justly due—to faithful Mr. JOHNSTON, our foreman, who knew not sleep or fatigue, "or any other man," while there remained an error to correct or an obstinate "space" to be pushed down.

Valete et plaudite! Depart and say a good word for us if you can, but believe that there were none among us who did not at least work hard to deserve it. *Daily Fare*—fare-well!

LETTER FROM JOHN STUART MILL.

[Written to the Editorial Committee of *Our Daily Fare*.]

I am sincerely thankful to the Editing Committee for including me among those from whom they have invited a public expression of sympathy with the cause in which the Free States of America are so heroically shedding their best blood.

The war, justifiable and laudable even if it had continued to be, as it was at first, one of mere resistance to the extension of slavery, is becoming, as it was easy to foresee it would, more and more a war of principle for the complete extirpation of that curse. And in proportion as this has become apparent, the sympathies of nearly all in Europe whose approbation is worth having, are resuming their natural course, and the cause of the North will soon have no enemies, on this side of the Atlantic, but those who prefer any tyranny, however odious, to a triumph of popular government.

It would be unpardonable, did I omit, on an occasion like this, to express my warmest feelings of admiration for the Sanitary Commission. History has afforded no other ex-

visitor. This magnificent volume is the gift to the Fair of Mrs. Thomas P. James, who collected the materials for it and prepared the work most skilfully. It contains portraits of Washington; an autograph letter written by the same distinguished man; a lock of his hair; original manuscript pages from Marshall's and Sparks' lives of Washington, and a number of fine water-color pictures taken by a competent artist during the McClellan campaign on the Potomac. This beautiful and historically invaluable book is to be given to the Hon. Edward Everett.

At this stand we also have two curiosities which should gladden the eyes of a local antiquarian. One is the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Duché, who delivered the famous first prayer in the first Continental Congress, when that august body met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, in 1774. There, also, is a page of the manuscript copy of the same prayer in the handwriting of John Hancock.

The tired visitor can rest upon a Washington sofa or a Washington chair while looking around at the various relics of the great man which are displayed all about him. (And, by the way, upon one of these very Washington chairs President Lincoln rested when he visited the Fair on June 16, 1864.)

Here is the Washington Department proper, just inside the door, and upon the west side of the room. Mrs. John Fallon usually presides at this spot, and the duty is a labor of love to which she bends all her energies. A glass show-case is the *sanctum sanctorum*, which contains the most precious of the Washington relics. There are locks of Washington's hair, presented by Miss Nancy Brigham Peters and Miss Furey; busts, portraits, &c., of Washington, and among the portraits an original pencil-sketch of the great man, made by Charles Wilson Peale; dishes used by Washington, a china cup and saucer of quaint device and pattern, that were used at the wedding of George Washington and the widow, Martha Custis; a leaden spoon marked "G. W." which was found at Mt. Vernon; Washington's butter-dish; a pair of salt-cellars given by Washington as a wedding present to Mrs. Frey in 1788, a lady who is now a loyal resident of Philadelphia, Missouri, and given by her to the Fair; pieces of the Washington elm, at Cambridge; a file of the *N. J. Gazette* for 1799, containing a notice of the death of Washington, and having its pages draped in mourning for him; in short, more Washington relics than were ever gathered together north of the Potomac.

And then, too, there is a quilt which was presented to the Fair by the Mrs. Frey named above. This quilt has a history. According to the statement of the donor, when the revolutionary war began in earnest, the gentlemen raised troops and the ladies collected at Mrs. Washington's house to sew for them.

Her (Mrs. Frey's) great-grandmother spent the year at Mrs. Washington's, as did many other ladies whose husbands had gone to fight for their country. In leisure hours they pieced quilts as keepsakes. At this time cotton was not made into calico. The linen scraps in the quilt were left from the shirts of Capt. George Washington, and the chintz from his mother's and wife's dresses. The outside narrow stripe was some of the first imported to America. The spread is lined with what was called muslin, which was also imported.

There are some other odd matters in this case which do not properly come under the head of Washington relics. There is a very curious watch, which was presented by Lafayette to General Anthony Wayne, and another equally curious time-piece that was used in the last illness of the poet Cowper. A quaintly carved powder-horn of the time of Cromwell attracts the attention of the curious.

In the way of clocks we have one exhibited which belongs to Mr. John A. McAllister, and which that gentleman claims to have been the first, or among the first ever brought to the United States. There is another ancient time-piece which belongs to Mr. B. J. Leedom, of Germantown, which Mr. L. says came over in the ship *Welcome*, with William Penn, in 1682.

The chair, or rather a combination of chair and table, upon which Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence, is exhibited hard by the relics which we have just described. In its immediate vicinity is the President's chair of the American Philosophical Society, a chair that was used by Benjamin Franklin, and by every President of the Society since his time. Marie Antoinette's chair, which is among this chair collection, will commend itself to the notice of all who take an interest in the sad story of the hapless Queen who followed her husband to the guillotine, after having been for years the royal mistress of the Tuilleries. The chair is covered with the same old Gobelin tapestry which adorned it before the kingly residence it graced was given over to sack and pillage.

Franklin's chess table is appropriately placed near by the relics of his revolutionary associates, and of the unfortunate lady who graced the court where he was an honored guest. On this table Franklin and Washington were accustomed to play chess together.

If we were preparing a catalogue of the Department of Curiosities and Relics, and had abundant room for description, we would revel among the curious things spread around us; but want of space admonishes us to be brief. We go on in the line of march we have taken up on the west side of the apartment, and notice in their regular order a piece of Shakspeare's mulberry tree; an autograph quilt, bearing the sign manual of scores of illustrious personages, from President Lincoln

down; sets of rare old china that would be valuable and curious to any appreciative person, but estimated to be worth almost their weight in gold to their owners; heathen idols, and relics of almost all kinds from Holy Land; a drinking cup of virgin silver, most curiously wrought, and lined with gold, and (what is best) a gift to the Fair; Mrs. Franklin's wedding dress; a dress worked with peacock's feathers, worn by Miss Ramsey, a revolutionary beauty; curious paintings and valuable engravings; the Constitution of the Society of the Cincinnati, signed by all the principal officers of the Revolution, from Washington down; a copy of Marshall's "Life of Washington," containing the autograph of its former owner, Robert Southey, and bound in an old dress of the poet's wife.

At the upper end of the old curiosity shop there is an unique collection of brackets and other ornaments, most ingeniously made from the roots of the American laurel. There is also a very curious shell-work monument erected to the memory of General Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff.

Returning upon the east side of the room there is much to interest the lover of the curious. There is the original warrant for the arrest of Aaron Burr for treason; a similar document authorizing the taking of Benedict Arnold into custody, on the charge of being drunk and disorderly, (an offense more serious in the sight of some than his great crime at West Point, now that treason has become so common an offense;) an original miniature of Sir Harry Vane, Speaker of the Long Parliament, taken in 1647; a piece of the court-dress of Marie Antoinette; a curious clock and vase which formerly belonged to the Empress Josephine, and which is now the property of Miss Fisher; an exquisite *bas relief*, in yellow marble, representing Guido's Aurora, formerly the property of Cardinal Antonelli, and given to the Fair by his Eminence, with his photograph and autograph.

In the centre of the apartment is a range of vases, the contents of which would gladden the heart and delight the eyes of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck. There are books printed by Caxton and his German cotemporaries; those marvellous old, illuminated missals, upon parchment, that were made before Faust or Schœffer were dreamed of; and curious literature of almost all ages.

We find also, in the same range, a number of Jefferson relics and other curious matters that demand an amount of space in the way of deserved notice quite equal to all the room which we can bestow upon the whole department.

We are almost ashamed to take up the priced catalogue of autographs in this department, and to feel a conviction of the utter hopelessness of our being able to go into any circumstantial notice of its rich contents. We can